

## The second part of

her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe,  
you shall haue forty sir.

*Bar.* Go to, stand aside.

*Feeble* By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we  
owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't bee my  
destny: so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince,  
and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for  
the next.

*Bar.* Well said, th'art a good fellow.

*Feeble* Faith ile beare no base mind.

*Enter Falstaffe and the Iustices.*

*Fal.* Come sir, which men shall I haue?

*Shal.* Foure of which you please.

*Bar.* Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Moul-  
dy and Bulcalfe.

*Fal.* Go to, well.

*Shal.* Come sir Iohn, which foure wyl you haue?

*Fal.* Do you chuse for me.

*Shal.* Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy stay at home, til  
you are past seruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you  
come vnto it, I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are  
your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the  
best.

*Fal.* Wil you tel me (master Shallow) how to chuse a man?  
care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big as-  
semblance of a man: giue me the spirit M. Shallow: heres Wart,  
you see what a ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and  
discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come  
off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket:  
and this same halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he  
presents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great  
aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how  
swiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue  
mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a  
caliuer

## Henry the fourth.

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

*Bar.* Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

*Fal.* Come mannage me your caliuer: so, very wel, go to, very  
good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde  
chopt Balde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab,  
hold, theres a tetter for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right; I  
remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne,  
I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little  
quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a  
would about and about, and come you in, and come you in,  
rah, tah, tah, would a say, bounce would a say, and away again  
would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a  
fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep  
you M. Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you  
wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dosen mile to night:  
Bardolfe, giue the fouldiers coates.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, the Lord blesse you, God prosper your af-  
fares, God send vs peace at your returne, visit our house, let  
our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye  
to the court.

*Fal.* Fore God would you would!

*Shal.* Go to, I haue spoke at a word, God keep you.

*Fal.* Fare you well gentle gentlemen.

*Shal.* On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will  
fetch off these iustices, I do see the bottome of iustice Shallow,  
Lord, Lord, how subiect we old men are to this vice of lying,  
this same staru'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me,  
of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done a-  
bout Turne-bull street, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid  
to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him  
at Clements Inne, like a man made after supper of a cheese pa-  
ring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a fork  
reddish with a head fantastically carued vpon it with a knife,  
a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke sight were